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Vol. III.—No. 117. MANCHESTER, Saturday, NOVEMBER 5th. Price One Penny.

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The MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS will be under the direction of Mr. R. H. Froggatte.

PART I.—ASHORE.

Lionel Holsworthy	(an insolvent adventurer)	Mr. WALTER RAYNHAM
Reuben Martock	(a merchant by accomplice)	Mr. GEORGE HARKER
Mark Culverton	(a rejected lover of Rose Bratton)	Mr. JAMES CRAIG
Frank Lidstone	(a young sailor, in love with Rose)	Mr. WM. HOLMAN
Sam Bratton	(commonly called "The Captain")	Mr. GEORGE HAMBLIN
Tony Uglow	(a youth yearning for adventure)	Mr. GEORGE K. MASKELL
Mrs. Lidstone	(a widow, mother of Frank)	Mrs. F. B. EGAN
Margaretta	(commonly called Maggie Penryn—a fisherman's orphan)	Miss MARIAN MEDWAY
Rose Bratton	(Sam's daughter)	Miss READ
Bessie Plummer	(of the Red Lion)	Miss MAY BURNEY

SCENE 1.—A Village on the Sea Coast (Louis Edouard.) **SCENE 2.—An Antichamber in Holsworthy's Office. SCENE 3.—A Village on the Sea Coast** (Louis Edouard).

PART II.—AFLOAT.

Frank Lidstone		Mr. WILLIAM HOLMAN
Tony Uglow	Mr. GEORGE MASKELL | Mark Culverton	Mr. JAMES CRAIG
Dick Wayland	(a companion in crime)	Mr. BYRNE
Lawson	(second mate of "The Wyvern")	Mr. GAYTON
Maggie Penryn	(disguised as a young middy)	Miss MARIAN MEDWAY

SCENE 1.—The Hold of "The Wyvern" (J. F. Hughes.) **SCENE 2.—The Cabin** (J. F. Hughes.) **SCENE 3.—Wreck of "The Wyvern"** (Louis Edouard).

PART III.—ABROAD.

Frank Lidstone		Mr. WILLIAM HOLMAN
Mr. Prescott	(an American planter)	Mr. CUTHBERT
Captain Prescott	(his brother—of the Confederate navy)	Mr. WILSON
Colonel Golner	(of the Tennessee Yankee Smashers)	Mr. W. RYDER
Colonel Hopkins	(a Federal officer, but no hero)	Mr. W. H. WATERS
Griff, Rufus, and David	(slaves on Prescott's estate)	Messrs. LEWIS BASTOW, SILBURNE, and RODGERS
Maggie Penryn		Miss MARIAN MEDWAY
Mrs. Prescott	(the planter's wife)	Miss ETTIE MORRIS

SCENE 1.—An American Plantation, near Pensacola (J. F. Hughes).

PART IV.—AT HOME.

Frank Lidstone	Mr. WILLIAM HOLMAN | Lionel Holsworthy		Mr. WALTER RAYNHAM
Reuben Martock	Mr. GEORGE HARKER | Mark Culverstone		Mr. JAMES CRAIG
Sam Bratton	Mr. GEORGE HAMBLIN | Tony Uglow		Mr. G. K. MASKELL
Dockett	Mr. WOOLLEY | Lawson		Mr. GAYTON
Snaggs (a broker & appraiser)	Mr. F. B. EGAN | Boodles (a re-per-sentative of the law)	Mr. BRODERICK | Detective	Mr. EDWARDS
Mrs. Lidstone	Mrs. F. B. EGAN | Rose Bratton	Miss READ | Bessie Plummer	Miss MAY BURNEY

SCENE 1.—A Village on the Sea Coast (Louis Edouard).

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AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")

(Continued from our last.)

Sam broke out into a loud laugh; but when Ab drew from his pocket a substantial pledge of his earnestness, and shook the precious metals in his friend's face, the laughter was changed to an expression of sober consideration.

"Theau wants my advice, then," Sam observed, laying down the penknife, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets.

"Ay, if theau'll give it me gradely, an' no for t' have a marlock wi' me," was Ab's reply.

"Well, I'm insured mysel', and if theau's a mind I'll tak' thee to th' same office. There con be no marlock abeaut that," said Sam, with an earnest intention of obliging his friend.

"An' shall I have summat like a coffin plate fastened to my back, same as there is nailed o'er owd Thuston's shippon dur?"

"Ay, if theau wants to insure thysel' again *fire;* but I think a *life* policy 'll be o theau wants; so come on, an' we'n get th' job done. Theau's a cleean shirt on, I reckon?"

"Ay, if it matters owt: I'm no used to wearin' dickies. But what doest' ax that for?"

"Theau'll ha' to strip an' *feight,*" replied Sam, with a gravity in his demeanour that nothing in Ab's vacant expression of countenance could shake.

"Feight?"

"Ay, feight!"

"Well, I didno' calkilate upo' that," said Ab, "or else I'd ha' come i' my clogs."

"But theau'll no' be alleawed to punce. It mun be fair fist wark."

"Well, if it's weight for weight, an' age for age, an' fair play, I dunno' care. I shanno' be hit i' th' back. But what have I to feight for?"

"Just to try if theau'rt seaund abeaut th' ballis-pipe."

Well, an' wouldno' *singin'* do as weel?"

"Nawe; theau'll oather ha' to feight or goo whoam as theau coome."

"By th' mon!" exclaimed Ab, scratching his head, and looking rather concerned, "it'll be nice if I get my face made int' a mournin' coach, an' ha' to go whoam wi' a pair o' crape curtains o'er my e'en. But come on: I dar do owt ut theau dar; so let's get it o'er."

Locking the door, and putting up a notice to the effect that he would be back in an hour, Sam committed his friend to the gloom of the staircase again; after emerging from which, and imbibing a necessary glass at the "Wheat Sheaf," the two set out to the office of the "British Imperial Insurance Corporation."*

Crossing Market Street, and proceeding along Fountain Street into York Street, our friends came to the top of King Street, where Sam Smithies paused, and looked up at a building that stands at one corner, opposite the "Manchester and County Bank."

"Here we are, Ab," he said, pointing to the building in question. "Get thy carcus i' drummin order; and for th' honour o' Walmsley Fowt dunno come off th' second best. Theau should ha' had three or four pocket napkins for bleedin' in, an' a belt for t' tighten up thy dinner shop. Loten thy breeches knees so ut theau'll be a bit nimbler upo' thy legs, an' keep thy tongue fro' between thy teeth if theau doesno' want it choppin' off. They'n ax thee a lot o' questions, an' theau mun mind heaw theau answers 'em. Come as nee th' truth as theau con forshawm when they axen thee if theau likes drink. If theau tries to chet 'em they'n find thee eaut some road; but theau's no 'casion t' confess what a yorney theau art sometimes. Dunno' try to talk fine."

*The new office is situated at the corner of Marsden Street, Brown Street.

(To be continued.)

BEN. BRIERLY'S JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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LETTER FROM OUR "COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT."

POETRY:—By "Racla," John L. Owen, and Charles Potter.

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Mr. C. EXLEY, Comic Vocalist.

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Mr. W. B. ALEXANDRE, the Great Ventriloquist.

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G. R. ALLISON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, HIGH STREET, and 13, CHURCH STREET.

MR. TOOLE AND "UNCLE DICK'S DARLING."

MR. TOOLE has actually appeared in Manchester in a new piece. The piece in question is the one about which there was an unpleasant litigation at the time of the Dramatic Festival last year. In the course of that dispute it came out that Mr. Byron had received, if we remember rightly, £500 for this production. We congratulate Mr. Byron on that fact. We are exceedingly glad to hear that he was fortunate enough to make so advantageous a pecuniary arrangement. We don't see why a literary man shouldn't make £500 out of what is worth five hundred shillings, just as much as a tradesman should make the same out of a rise in the market: and we think Mr. Byron has quite as good a right to make hundreds out of the piece as Mr. Toole has to make thousands. At the same time, the fact that such a mediocre piece of work as this should command so handsome a price is a striking proof of the retribution which political economy has worked upon that managerial folly which has outraged it. But the days of monopoly are nearly over, and we recommend Mr. H. J. Byron to dispose of all his stock on hand at once; for the time is not far distant when both he and all his kind will find their level: and will find it lower than they expect.

It must not be gathered from what we have said that the play now before us does not supply Mr. Toole with a good part. On the contrary, it does. It serves its purpose well. It was written to be worked by Mr. Toole on his provincial tour. It must contain few characters, and those must be comparatively insignificant, so as to be played by members of stock companies without severely taxing them. All these requisites have been attended to. Against Mr. Byron as a manufacturer of dramatic stuffs to order we have not a word to say. Against him as an artist we have much. But such a dramatist as he is not to be regarded as an artist, and such a drama as *Uncle Dick's Darling* is not to be criticised as a work of art. It is a piece of goods, composed of so much humour, so much sentiment, and so much pathos. Exception has been taken to one-half the action of the piece being supposed to take place in a dream. A cheap Jack educates a foundling at a fashionable school, then doubts whether he ought not to marry her to somebody above his rank in life, falls on his cart asleep, dreams of all sorts of awful consequences, and wakes up resolved that she shall marry in his own sphere. This, say some critics, is not art. Pooh! What has art to do with it? It is a play for Mr. Toole that has a mine of money in it; and that is what was ordered.

If you look for art you will not only not find art, but find it violated constantly. To begin with; the whole piece is too sketchy and flimsy to enable the spectator to realize the existence of the characters. This is fatal to a meant-to-be-pathetic piece. You can't sympathize with people whose existence you can't realize. Nobody who understands what pathos is in art would set to work attempting to get it up before the characters have been ten minutes before the audience. Yet here we have Mr. Byron turning on the slow music almost immediately the curtain rises. Nothing could be more sketchy, unsatisfactory, and unreal than his opening scene. It has no business there at all. A piece like this should have been in three scenes, of which the second only should have been the dream. Then the necessity of providing matter for the third, after the waking up, would have compelled the author to have made a stronger framework, and on the wakening up the curtain would have risen naturally and effectively. But perhaps the greatest botch-work is the blacksmith's scene. Here the agony is piled up till it tumbles over. It is a repetition of the same old pathetic business done in *Little Em'ly*, *Lost in London*, *Frou-frou*, and a shoal of other commonplace productions: the fair but frail one coming home to die. Why fair but frail ones always want to die upon the stage is a mystery of the modern playwright. This is not pathos, but bathos. It is repulsive bosh.

For the rest the play is a fairly deft reproduction of Mr. Toole's old business. He turns up in a drawing-room in an extraordinary suit of clothes as well as ever, and altogether makes his old points in his old effective style. He comes before us in a nominally new part and a nominally new play, but the materials of both are as old as his own career upon the stage. Miss Kathleen Irwin very satisfactorily supported him, and the audience were delighted.

THE BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB, PAST AND PRESENT.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again
And sore surpris'd them all.—BURNS.

THE Broughton Cricket Club is endowed with a strange vitality. After having experienced, during its career, all the ailments to which cricket clubs are peculiarly liable, and exhausted a whole pharmacopœia of nostrums, it has lately recovered from a severe nervous attack, accompanied by spasms and paroxysms. The complaint has yielded to active treatment, and the patient is out of danger and convalescent. All necessary precautions will be taken to prevent a relapse. In the course of our duties as chroniclers of, and commentators upon, passing events, out-door amusements, such as boating, running, gymnastics, cricket, bowling, and boxing, have, in their turn, received their share of criticism. Public cricket clubs, like public men, become public property, and are, therefore, open to public criticism. A gentleman once told Mr. Cobden, on the eve of a general election, that he intended to contest a certain seat and enter Parliament. Mr. Cobden asked him if he had ever been guilty of anything which he was ashamed of, and receiving an affirmative reply, that he had done many things which he regretted, said, "then be prepared to see the whole of your offences placarded at every street corner." In this sense, cricket grounds are public property. They advertise their matches, invite the public and the press to visit them, and, in fact, court publicity. Without an audience, cricket would cease to exist. Just as applause is the breath of an actor's nostrils, so are public approbation and appreciation the very heart's blood of a cricketer. It is the duty as well as the privilege of a journalist, in the interest of cricket, to applaud everything which is good, and to censure everything which he considers bad, in connection with the game, and if, in so doing, he treads upon the susceptible corns of a few interested individuals, that cannot be helped, and is of little account.

We are all proud of our cricketers. They are celebrities in their way, and public characters. The Walkers, the Rowleys, and the Graces are well-known personally, not only in their own localities, in Middlesex, Surrey, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire, but all over the country. If we go to a cricket match with a stranger, we, that is, you and I and most of us, find ourselves saying, "Do you see that little fellow there, with an eye as bright as a bird's? that is Joe Makinson;" or, "Look at yonder great, strapping, handsome chap; that is Joe Rowley? or that bare-armed athlete, with the brawny shoulders and biceps like an iron boss;

that is Joe Leese, once of Manchester, now of Preston." These are gentlemen, who have become known to us through the medium of cricket, and this town is justly proud of them. Long may the noble pastime endure; a manly, simple sport, requiring and developing physical prowess, good temper, discipline, patience, and moral self-control; a game which is untarnished with the chicanery and vices of the turf, and the "sharping" which is too often the accompaniment of billiards.

From some cause or another, partly from accident, and partly because we have looked upon the Broughton Club as a good representative cricketing institution, we happen to have recorded its matches both at cricket and bowls more frequently, and have given it more attention than all the other clubs put together. Indeed, cricketers have frequently remonstrated with us, and declared that we had a bias in its favour. We are not conscious of any such partiality, and by certain strictures which we passed upon the management three weeks since, we intimated our opinion pretty plainly. From numerous communications which we have received, we find that we are by no means alone in our opinions. It is with very sincere gratification that we hear that the club has passed through a crisis, if not entirely unscathed, at least with little damage; that it has in more senses than one taken a new lease of life, and, we trust, has many years of prosperity before it. These matters are no secret. They have been the conversation of cricketing circles. They have been told in Gath, published in Ascalon, and proclaimed upon the omnibus tops.

At present, when the Broughton Club is about to make some experimental changes in its management and internal economy, which, however, it would be premature to discuss, the time is opportune to cast a retrospective glance at its past history. We are informed that, for the present at least, they have resolved to lay ruthless hands upon the brass bands which have been a feature of some of their matches. We are very glad to hear it. They have been an endless source of expense, and, in our opinion, were no attraction. The Manchester Club has long since discarded them, and is in a very thriving condition. We do not believe that even the ladies will stay away because there is no band. Sometimes the arrival of a band upon a miserably wet day was one of the most dismal and disheartening sights possible. The Broughton Club, in reality if not in name, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest club in Manchester. The Victoria Club preceded it, and was absorbed by it. Reorganized, the Broughton Club was formed, as the saying is, to supply an existing deficiency. The Manchester Club was in existence, and prospered at the other side of the town, but was of a much more exclusive character than the Broughton, and was at that time open only to such persons as were considered to hold a certain elevated social position, whatever that phrase may mean. It will amuse young cricketers to learn that at one time it was a practical, if not an actual rule of the Manchester Club that no person was eligible for election unless he himself or his father was engaged in some business or profession on his own account. The consequence was that a paid servant was not considered eligible, but a man might be hopelessly insolvent, and even a swindler, and yet, so long as it was not known, he might be elected. This system is now done way with, and after a career of exclusiveness, and sinking into a state of enervation, the Manchester Club adopted a more liberal policy, and is now the great powerful republic which we see at Old Trafford. A section split off and formed another club at Eccles, but the Rowleys, the Bellhouses, and others stuck to their club, and the late Tom Fothergill who rode two tremendous hobbies, one of which was the Manchester Club, and the other George Anderson, of Yorkshire, was of considerable assistance, although a non-player.

The Broughton Club was founded on democratic principles. A president, a vice-president, a secretary, and a treasurer were chosen annually, with a committee of twelve, elected by all the members. The club quickly rose in public favour, and became popular. They threw open their gates to all comers, and went in for cricket, merely using the ballot-box as a protection. In some senses the ballot is an evil, but it is a necessary one. Sometimes members get elected who should not, and sometimes they get rejected, when they ought to have been admitted. Contretemps of this nature will, however, occur in the best regulated clubs; and without the ballot a club would soon become a scene of anarchy and confusion. The Manchester Club having abandoned their England matches, the Broughton Club took them up, and for some years they were a great success. At that time, cricket clubs in the town were comparatively few in number. People flocked from all parts of Lancashire to see the famous England Eleven, with old William Clarke at their head, when Caffyn and Cæsar, "the Surrey pets," were striplings, and George Parr was making for himself a name. The Brougton Club was fortunate in its officers. The President, who at one time lived close to the ground, was himself a tower of strength, and by his urbanity, fine temper, conciliatory manners, and love of the game, welded the club into a compact mass, which was held intact together by a fine *esprit de corps*. For many years the members were knit together by an immense enthusiasm. Non-players followed the first Eleven to their various matches at Birkenhead, Leeds, Sheffield, Trentham, Todmorden, and other places, and shouted themselves hoarse in cheering their champions. In fact, so loud were they in their demonstrations, that this auxiliary corps went by the name of the "Broughton Bawlers." If Mr. Foxcroft had chosen to shoulder his bat, and rally his troops around him, we verily believe that he could have marched them from one end of the country to the other. The club was equally fortunate in its treasurers and secretaries. Mr. Henry Hickson was, and we are happy to say still *is*, an enthusiast for cricket. Mr. H. Whitmore had an extensive cricketing connection, and was an admirable secretary. Mr. Payne's labours are notorious; and, at a later period, Mr. J. Stores Smith was exceedingly popular. The club was also fortunate in its professional bowlers; and to Alfred Diver, Wright of Sheffield, and Roger Iddison much of the cricketing success of Broughton is owing. Much credit is due to teachers who have trained and turned out such bats as the Makinsons, the Pereras, the Whittingtons, Livingstone Middlemost, Frank Wright, H. Barber, and many others.

It was about the time to which we allude that the Broughton Club received a great accession of strength by the reception of a large portion of the Athenæum cricketers. The Athenæum cricketers had been distinguishing themselves, and could thrash the Broughton on its own ground. Hence the amalgamation was a great additional strength to Broughton. It was at this time that Mr. Payne joined the club. We have so often done justice to this gentleman that it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon his cricketing merits here. Suffice it to say that his services have been unremitting. A sort of Admirable Crichton in his way, he is a consummate judge of cricket, a most destructive bowler, a fair bat, can play chess and bowls, run races, and is, moreover, a good fellow, and can keep his own counsel. A notice of the club would be very incomplete without alluding to the advent and career of Mr. J. Makinson. This gentleman came out as quite a boy, and when some sixteen years of age he played in the England match, making large scores, and as it was examination day at Owens College, he did double or quadruple work, passing from that institution to the ground several times in a cab. Afterwards, when he went to Oxford, he was snapped up by the Eleven of the University at once, and having scored over 100 off his own bat in a public match, he was nicknamed by *Bell's Life* "The Little Wonder," a name that has partly stuck to him to this day. On one occasion, someone asked George Parr whether he considered Mr. Makinson or Mr. —— (naming another local player) the better cricketer of the two. "I don't think anything about it," replied Parr, in his queer, grumpy way; "Mr. Makinson is a first-rate player, but Mr. —— is not a cricketer at all."

For many years a fierce war was waged between the Manchester and Broughton clubs. Jealous of its own fame and reputation, the Manchester Club was indignant that its supremacy should be disputed. Broughton burned to have a tussle with its powerful rival, and nothing loth, Manchester defied him to come on. The war was carried on with varying fortunes. The Broughton David went out with a sling and a stone, and smote Goliath between the temples, but did not cut off his head. Blind with rage and fury, the great giant resumed hostilities, and falling upon his antagonist, nearly crushed him to death. Party feeling ran high in those days. Then did the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing. The clubs were strongly convulsed, and the minds of the members severely exercised. Latterly the matches have become insipid, partly owing to the slackness with which they have been conducted, and the improbability of their ever being played out. Of late years the annual All-England matches have much declined in interest, and bad weather has pursued the Broughton Club relentlessly. Serious losses have been the result. The play has also fallen off. The mind of the club has not been concentrated upon cricket, and the young

members have not mustered in force. The blandishments of Cleopatra have proved too much for the easy virtue of Marc Antony, who has stayed dallying in Alexandria, when he ought to have been in the field. The non-playing members, having found other amusements, have ceased to take an interest in the young players.

Such are a few of the experiences of the Broughton Cricket Club, which has done much good in its day and generation. Its dissolution would be a loss to the town and a calamity to Broughton, to which it acts as a lung. Meanwhile, the club has sloughed its skin, and passed into a new phase of existence. The grub has worked its way out of the cocoon, and has emerged a full-blown butterfly. We sincerely trust that its existence may be more prolonged than the life of that ephemeral insect. Next season we shall see what we *shall* see.

MR. BARDSLEY ON WORLDLY PLEASURES.

IN the last number of our contemporary *The Manchester City News*, we find a report of an address on "Worldly Conformity," delivered in Liverpool, by the Rev. James Bardsley, rector of St. Ann's. In the same paper we find a leading article in which Mr. Bardsley and other authorities on the subject of public amusements are quoted. In most cases we should consider it a work of supererogation to comment upon any subject which had already attracted the attention of the *City News*. But in this instance it is our painful duty to say that we do not think that the paper does Mr. Bardsley justice. We repeat, indignantly, that this usually trustworthy journal does not do Mr. Bardsley justice. And let there be no mistake as to the meaning of our language. Strong in our sense of right we defy the *City News* to call us to account for these words. We say that it does not do Mr. Bardsley justice, as fearlessly as we shall say that the Home Secretary had not done all the convicted felons in England justice—if he were to grant them a free pardon.

Mr. Bardsley is a meek and lowly priest. Conscious of humility and an unwarlike spirit, his only desire is to confine himself to the arduous rounds of a City Rector, to the honourable obscurity of work in a dense and perishing parish. To him the approving whisper of conscience is dearer than the noisy glory of a widespread fame. The grim solitude of St. Ann's Square on the Sabbath is sweet to his evangelical soul. Sweeter than the sight of opening wild flowers, or the gaiety of unsabbatarian birds to the country parson on his way to his pleasant church are to this sombre and godly man the closed shutters, the awful hush, the desolation of the streets which, a few hours before, were alive with fashion and business and vanity. But the evangelical party found Mr. Bardsley like Elisha at the plough, and in spite of his remonstrances, in spite of his struggles, they took him from the furrow to be the prophet of the most high sect. And how reluctantly he leaves his flock in charge of trusty, though hired curates, and goes abroad in the world to lead the evangelical army. He charges the devils of worldliness, the armies of the aliens, with compact columns in the newspapers; he blows his trumpet loudly in many a parish, and, no doubt, he directs the storm at many a clerical conference.

Evangelical intolerance is, perhaps, the most respectable of all the vices. For in vices, as in virtues, there is a distinction to be made between those which arise from austerity and those which arise from infirmity of character. And so we say that of all vices evangelical intolerance is the soundest and most respectable. There is a sober and unconscious loftiness about it which commands universal esteem. Not that there are not plenty of other vices which merit the greatest deference. For instance, we would not be thought to breathe a word against selfishness. It is a good, honest vice, and, in the father or the eldest son of a large family, it is always venerated by the weak, good-natured creatures who surround him. Then, again, stinginess is a most superior vice, and is particularly recommended to millionaires and public philanthropists. It gains for them a reputation for strength of mind and a distant admiration which no amount of generosity will do. Love of dress in the wife of a poor man is another vice which is its own reward, and renders her lovely in the eyes of everyone but her husband. But we repeat that for a good, sound, honest workaday vice, commend us to evangelical intolerance of what are called worldly pleasures.

The essence of Mr. Bardsley's address, which is reported in the *City News*, amounts to this. He finds that Christians conform too much to the world and its pleasures, and so to render an abstract question concrete, he selects the three chief pleasures of the world, the theatre, the ball-room, and the racecourse; and he declares that no really earnest Christian ought to be found in them. Now, to a man of the world, there is no more reason in this simple declaration than if Mr. Bardsley had said that no really earnest Christian will be found eating boiled mutton and caper sauce. To a pure-minded Christian, however earnest, the ball-room suggests no impurity; to an honest Christian, the racecourse suggests no desire to cheat; to a good-natured Christian, the theatre suggests no profanity. But it is always a little irritating to even remonstrate with a man who is intolerant of worldly pleasures, because he generally contrives to reflect a light of sanctity upon himself, while at the same time he insinuates all kinds of wickedness against the worldly pleasures. Intolerant people never give reasons, because they feel that the strength of their convictions is of itself sufficient to justify their opinions. As if, on the contrary, a man's reasons ought not to be strong in proportion to the strength of his convictions. For instance, the only reason which Mr. Bardsley urges against ball-rooms is, that at the particular hour when the matron and her marriageable daughters are stepping into the brougham, arrayed for battle and conquest, they ought to be at family prayers. And then Mr. Bardsley plunges them into the gaiety of the ball-room, and cunningly leaves them there with uplifted hands, and horror-stricken, insinuating looks. We do not apply the words merely to Mr. Bardsley, for it is the same with all the Puritans, when we say that this proscription of worldly pleasures is invariably more injurious to the minds of young people—more indelicate, more unspiritual, than anything in these pleasures themselves. Mr. Bardsley declares the ball-room to be a scene of impious worldliness, but his arguments are inuendos. He dismisses the subject with an averted gaze, which is more prurient than satisfied curiosity.

But it is hardly fair perhaps to judge a man by one act, and it happens curiously enough that the appearance of Mr. Bardsley in the leading columns of the *Examiner* last week reminded us of a former appearance in the same place a few months ago. In May last, Mr. Edward Herford, as chairman of the National Association for Freedom of Worship, wrote to Mr. Bardsley asking him to support in convocation a certain measure which the association had at heart. Mr. Herford's letter was courteous, businesslike, and brief. To this letter Mr. Bardsley replied in an allocution which, when printed, filled a column of small type in the *Examiner*. It would be strange if, in a communication of this length, a man did not give an insight into his character. It would be impossible to conceive a letter more characteristic. In it you hear Mr. Bardsley's voice, you see his face, you behold him pacing the room; by and by he stamps and shakes his fist, and then, having exhausted his bodily strength, he makes his exit with a sneer. At the expense of flattering Mr. Bardsley's vanity we enter into these details, because we look upon him as an eminent representative of the stern and unbending evangelical priest. Our object in choosing this subject is to measure the value of the evangelical spirit in the church, and not merely to take the part of the world against the evangelical spirit. This letter of Mr. Bardsley's, then, is singularly expressive of that modern Puritanism which chafes and frets at the innocent worldliness of really very good people. If worldly people were all openly bad there would be some sense in it But they are so gentle, so civil, so high-minded, often so much like Mr. Herford, that it becomes quite unbearable. Mr. Bardsley's letter commences quite cheerfully and politely, just as the housebreaker, who intends to knock you on the head, enters your house with considerable politeness and quietness so as not to disturb you. For a quarter of a column Mr. Bardsley's face is lit with the grim conventional smile of greeting. Then the paragraph ends, and you feel that his face has relaxed and the smile has gone. His eyebrows gather like clouds, his eyes flash like lightning, his voice deepens like the thunder, and the forty years of intolerance leap in his veins, and thus the storm breaks forth:

"Your assumption bristles with transparent fallacies. I have never read a statement less supported by observation and reflection. You must pardon me if I say I cannot see one thread of truth in it. Both the weft and the warp of the whole fabric seem to me to have been supplied by your own imagination, and I am surprised that any person

making pretensions to common sense should allow his name to be affixed to it."

Is'nt this delicious? It reminds one of Dr. Johnson in his best days, and his very worst of tempers. What delightful redundance, and yet impotence, of anger! The sentences seem to re-echo each other like the claps of retiring thunder, and then, just as the last report is dying away, bang comes another crash louder than ever! and Mr. Herford is questioned as to his pretensions to common sense.

But, seriously speaking, is this the Christian spirit? Let us put the case clearly. Suppose an enlightened Roman philosopher, newly converted to Christianity, had written to St. Paul to ask his support at the Council of Jerusalem in favour of a modification of some Jewish practice continued in Christian meetings, would he have been so imperious, so intolerant, so un-Christian? Is the author of the tender, considerate Epistle to Philemon, or the author of the epistle to Mr. Herford, to be taken as the representative of true Christianity? It is one of the oldest of a country parson's stock metaphors to say that if one of the three elements which constitute the atmosphere were to be eliminated the world would be reduced to ruin, and that which is now an instrument of life would become an instrument of death. By the aid of this metaphor, the curate feels that he reconciles science to religion. Take away tolerance, charity, love—call it what you will—from the spiritual atmosphere; take away the oxygen from Christianity, and you take away the vital element which gives it all its warmth, its glow, its very breath of life. It was the sublime innocence of simple worldly conformity that drew the hearts of all away from the proud austerity of Pharisaic devotion to hear gladly the words of Jesus Christ. By and bye, it was the *bon-homnie* of St. Paul, who was all things to all men that so he might win them; it was his sympathetic tolerance of their weaknesses and their joys that was the secret of his successful apostolic progress round the shores of the Mediterranean. The narrow, the cold, the blind intolerance which evangelicals preach would, like a chilling frost, have killed Christianity in the bud. In its Judaistic bigotry, it may strive to crush beneath its hoof the gentler æstheticism, the Greek light-heartedness, the healthy humanity of those victims whom it allures under its shadow. But its anathemas strike no less against Christianity than against nature. It once scourged apostles; it once crucified Christ. Who shall say that it is more enlightened now?

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"THE ODDS."

THE production of this unblushing hotchpot of worthless old dramas at the Theatre Royal is only deserving of favourable mention in one respect. In that respect it is deserving of very favourable mention indeed. It is the means of introducing to the frequenters of this theatre at least two ladies who are positively comely to look upon. So unwonted a spectacle is quite enough to reconcile us to the production of the *Odds;* and hope the career of the ladies in question will not terminate, so far as Manchester is concerned, with the career of the piece which has brought them before us. Miss Rose Coglan is so pleasing, even in the melancholy guise of trousers, that it is much to be desired that the town may have an opportunity of seeing her in a woman's proper habiliments. If our eyes do not deceive us we have made the acquaintance of Miss Behrend at the Globe Theatre, London. Both these ladies are most welcome upon the stage where we once were accustomed to look for all the feminine graces, but where we have so long looked for them in vain. The odious custom of dressing women in the guise of men, which hardly ever can be without offence, prevails in this play to an intolerable extent. Miss Hamilton is quite insufferable. Never boy looked so, or went on in so pert a style; whilst one could not for the merest moment fancy that Miss Coglan was a man. Women can neither look like men nor act like men, and we consider their attempt to do so quite as objectionable as the shortest skirted ballet. We ought also to remark that positively one or two clean pretty scenes have been expressly painted for this piece; but it is difficult to imagine how the swift notion of a railway train at full speed could have been more feebly indicated.

APPEALS FOR CRAPE.

Surely in these times there are enough real claims upon the sympathies and help of the community without intruding on its time and trouble to assist the hideous custom of publicly advertising private grief. When whole provinces of people are upon the point of starving, it is too ghastly an irony to ask for the means of dressing them in black. Here is a *reductio ad absurdum* of our manners, with a vengeance! Yet the committee of foolish women who have issued this appeal are wholly unaware of its consummate sarcasm We will warrant they would repudiate with horror the suggestion of their being cynics; yet a purer piece of cynicism could hardly be than this unconscious satire of a horrid social custom. Gracious heaven! the sorrows of these desolated people are not of that finikin and fashionable sort that want to dressed out in all the trappings and the suits of woe. It is only mock grief that needs millinery. Real grief does not think about the colour of its clothes. But if our hideous idols must be worshipped—if we must extend our odious and impious habits—if we must put crape upon these wretched people's backs, for goodness' sake, put bread int their bellies first.

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY NUISANCE.

As we foretold! The fiat has gone forth. What was a voluntary and gracious effort last February is to be contorted into an annual imposition, tax, and nuisance. There is to be a Hospital Sunday every year. Instead of those congregations who contribute being commended, those who don't will be rebuked. The spirit which before incited that advertisement which pilloried the districts that kept aloof from the movement is hard at work, transforming what was a grace into a bore. The irksome and oppressive small exactions which are beginning to be banished from theatres are being transferred to churches. Presently one will be unable to attend divine service without being plundered in the name of charity. We are doing away with toll-bars and we are establishing Hospital Sundays. With our left hand we are building up again what with our right hand we are pulling down. Once and away Hospital Sunday was an honourable, though dangerous, freak of generosity. As an institution it would be improper, illegitimate, enervating, and generally mischievous. The most wholesome wish that we can express is that the same clerical narrow-mindedness which has disgraced and overthrown the movement in Liverpool may overthrow it here. We hope the press will set itself resolutely against this impost.

THEATRES, BALLS, AND RACE-COURSES.

We sincerely pity the Rev. James Bardsley. It is hard to understand how any man of even ordinary foolishness can possibly see anything in occasional attendance at a theatre, ball, or race-course, inconsistent with earnest Christianity. It is sad to think, that so constituted is our social life, that one who is thus relaxed in mind has been able to attain to the position of a teacher and leader of men. Such a man is not to be censured, but pitied. There is something warped in the brain that is able to take such woefully wrong views of life as this. The religion has a great deal to answer for that can so enervate the mind of a man. We do not set up the writer of *Ecclesiastes* as an unimpeachable authority, but we presume that Mr. Bardsley does. If so, what does he make of this?—"There is no better thing for a man under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry": and "Be not righteous over much." But, in truth, this is not a matter of texts, but a matter of common sense. No sensible man could possibly believe that theatres, balls, and race-courses are incompatible with earnest Christianity. It would be not more absurd to say that an earnest Chrjstian ought not to wash himself. We cannot bring ourselves to think that Mr. Bardsley disapproves of theatres, balls, and race-courses, in that "abstract" which he refuses to consider: and if he only objects to them in the "concrete," it comes to what the bishop says—their degradation is the fault of such as him, who make life a misery and religion a horror.

BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—The annual meeting of the above club was held in the Pavilion on the afternoon of Saturday last, when between twenty and thirty members were present; and as the proceedings were somewhat different to usual, may I be allowed to give a very brief summary of them. The real business of the meeting commenced by one of the members rising to explain that, subsequently to the closing day, the committee had

made arrangements with certain members, by which the club agreed to let the Pavilion for the winter season, for the purpose of forming a billiard club, the members of which would be very limited; and he proposed a resolution by which the action of the committee was confirmed and approved. Some half-dozen members rose, and each, assigning different reasons, agreed in condemning altogether the proceedings which had committed the club to a definite course of action, without first submitting the proposition to the consideration and approval of the members. It was argued that the formation of a club within a club—a caucus, as it was called,—was an element of danger in any club, and was calculated to bring about dissension and discontent. Two members rose to reply. One of them propounded an extraordinary theory with regard to the relations between members and committee, asserting boldly that the members delegated all their rights to the committee, and therefore could not reasonably complain. Of course the resolution was carried, and it would have been surprising if it had not, for there were near a dozen members of the committee present, and fully four-fifths of the whole meeting were, as members of the Billiard Club, strongly interested in supporting the parties who had made this irregular use of their powers. The pecuniary advantage to the club, about which so much was said, is absolutely only five pounds, or, as one gentleman who does not despise the philosophy of like things put it, about 3½d. per member; and for this enormous profit, it is thought desirable to introduce an element of discord into the club, which must indeed be in desperate financial difficulties if such a paltry sum must be secured at any cost to the sensibilities of the members, one of whom pertinently asked at the meeting why he and other members like him were spoken of as "outsiders.' The fact is, a great mistake has been made; and I for one fear it will not result in the anticipated profit to the club. Apart from the question of whether such a club should be established in connection with a Cricket and Bowling Club, it certainly ought not to be so established in the interests of a small section of the members; but if formed at all should be formed by the club, and under the control and management of the members of the club through a properly appointed body. Regard for your space prevents me going into detail, as I would have wished to have done; but I hope you will insert this hastily written letter as a protest from one who signs himself

A MEMBER.

Broughton, November 2nd, 1870.

MARIO IN MANCHESTER.

A very slender audience gathered themselves together on Wednesday, to bid farewell to one of our most finished lyric artists, the greatest tenor of our time. That men do often outlive their fame is certain; but it would have been expected that a singer, whose name has been associated for so many years with all the leading characters in the Italian operas, as in England performed, would have drawn a crowded house on the occasions of his last appearance, but such was not the case with Signor Mario. That his voice is, for all professionally practical purposes, gone is certain. Yet the perfect skill of singing, the charm of manner, and the thorough understanding of the art remains the same as ever. In his first song, "Spirito Gentil," his voice was clear and fresh and firm as ever, but in the ballad, "Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good bye," sung as an encore, it gave way terribly. The song in the second part, "I Strive to Forget Thee," a very commonplace composition, was also sung most charmingly, and almost without any failure as to voice. With the exception of Signor Sivori, the padding of the concert was uninteresting. The Chevalier de Kontski (pianist to the King of Prussia, whatever that may mean) gave several examples of musical gymnastics with admirable power; but without any sign of artistic feeling, delicacy, or great intelligence. His performances were violent and exaggerated, and the pieces he played were frivolous, and they contrasted wonderfully with Sivori's perfect execution, feeling, and art. The humour with which the "Carnival of Venice" (played as an encore) was given by the great violinist could not be surpassed,—and his other solos were, though of a different nature, no less delightful. Mdlle. Liebhart sang her songs with correctness and brilliancy, and with an unnecessary amount of dramatic effort; and Mdlle. Eariquez, with the assistance of a charming contralto voice and a charming manner, succeeded in achieving the second place, as far as the vocalists of the evening were concerned. Of course, the house being thin, the encores were incessant and were always accepted, a strange phenomenon, but an invariable, when the audience are not numerous. However, it is to be hoped that on Saturday the Free Trade Hall will not show so many empty benches; and it is also to be hoped that the back of the programme will not exhibit such a wonderful compilation of printed matter as the last, called "Opinions of the Press." We would like to know what "Press," and to have an explanation of the last two sentences anent M. de Kontski's playing.

MANCHESTER DINNERS.

I.—CHEAP DINNERS.

IT is for the sake of the unsuspecting hungry public that these articles are penned, that the writer of them has encountered "full many a time and oft" such perils as few can appreciate, as few could undergo often and live—in health. Perils of indifferent food, perils of still more indifferent cooking, perils of strange stairs, perils in unaccustomed cellars, perils begot of uncleanness, have all been his in gaining the experience requisite for this attempt to provide a guide for the footsteps of the too confiding and unwary diners in Manchester. In the limit at our disposal, we shall endeavour to state fully and fairly our opinions of the various places of refection visited. We'll "Nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice," but will mete out that strict justice that alone can render the object of this series attainable. The papers will discuss cheap dinners, shilling dinners, restaurants, and lastly, ordinaries. Our examples will be almost always taken at random, exception only being made when the purpose of the paper can be better furthered by a departure from that rule. We shall speak, too, of those rooms only where they provide mid-day dinners, leaving out of our consideration those comparatively few ones which look for custom from a deserted city. It has been well remarked that criticism and digestion are not good friends, but in the interests of those readers of the *Sphinx* who are compelled to take their mid-day meal close at hand to their work, we have tried to reconcile those two enemies, and we hope the results will benefit all who are in search of a good dinner, and who are concerned about the price. We have dropped in here and there without any guide or influence whatever, being merely anxious to get examples that might be taken as typical.

If any one of our readers has ever had occasion to peruse the second column on the front page of any of our Manchester dailies, he must, of a surety, have had his attention attracted by a startling advertisement, headed "Warehousemen and Clerks," which states the prices of various dishes supplied to the hungry at two establishments in Tib Street and Thomas Street. The advertisement is startling by reason of the lowness of the prices, which are so small that it was with many serious misgivings we determined to try for ourselves what faith the proprietor keeps with the public. After much patient seeking, and the assistance of an opportune friend, we arrived at the object of our wanderings, a low building, with the imposing title, "Warehousemen and Clerks' Dining Rooms," but more familiarly known as "Farbon's." We entered, and ascended, by means of a narrow flight of stairs, to an upper room This room seems to have been made out of about half-a-dozen smaller rooms, so curious—in fact unique—is its shape. We may just mention here that a man anything over the average height, anxious to preserve the scalp on the top of his head, had better avoid "Farbon's," as the number of eccentric beams projecting from the roof of this room is marvellous. On our entrance we saw a number of oblong tables ranged round the room, covered with red-checked table-cloths. We involuntarily felt for our watches, to ascertain the time; but a question from our friend—opportune again—elicited from the presiding genius of the room the answer, "We never use white ones," which settled us at once. Are white table-cloths so dear, and washing so expensive, as to debar their use? The principle here is to offer a choice of viands *à la carte*, and an extensive list there was to choose from, comprising four kinds of soup, fish, roast and boiled joints, entreés, and sweets. The oxtail soup we tried was excellent as to quantity, and of the ordinary dining-room quality. We have tasted much inferior soup at far more pretentious establishments. The beef was baked, not so tender as it might have been, and very undecided as to the origin of the

gravy. Some jugged hare would have been very fair if it had been cooked a week earlier. The pastry was good—at least, if we may judge from some apple tart we tried, and eat. And all the above for one shilling and threepence. The dinner was equal to what is often charged double the sum; and withal the attendant was very civil and obliging, though overworked. Some idea of the business done here can be had when we say that there are, on an average, 600 dinners sold daily, which include 250 beef-steak puddings, 100 steaks and chops, and over 700 sweet puddings. For these are required six rooms, and twenty servants. Not a very bad day's work, we think, for such an unpretending little place. We must not omit to mention that a glass of bitter ale is procurable here for twopence!

Not very far from Farbon's is a new restaurant, which is deserving of a more extended fame. We refer to the Hen and Chickens Dining Rooms, in Oldham Street. The room is remarkably large, light, and airy. It is lofty, yet not too lofty to take away an idea of great comfort, which is also partly induced by the green curtains and very easy seats. This large room contains no fewer than sixteen tables, each one carefully arrayed in a white—snow-white—table-cloth, and bearing an ample supply of knives and forks, glasses, and other table necessaries that are usually conspicuous by their absence from the houses of "cheap dinners." On taking your seat at anyone of these tables there is a bill of fare ready in front of you waiting your perusal, and quickly there appears, and silently approaches, a damsel so neat, so quiet, that we look up amazed, and wonder if we have got to our proper destination. But a glance at the *carte* reassures us. We order our dinner, which is quickly brought, and most thoroughly we enjoyed it. Everything was much above the average. Indeed, what we suffered from here was an *embarras de richesse*, instead of having, as at some dining-rooms, to run up and down the list of viands in search of something eatable, leaving "enjoyables" out of sight altogether. On leaving his seat each guest receives a ticket with the charge for his dinner printed on it, and on going out pays his reckoning to, and leaves his ticket with, the *dame du comptoir*. The charge for dinner here is eightpence if the diner cares only for one course, or one shilling and sevenpence if he likes to take soup, fish, joint, sweets, and cheese. We don't think anyone will be disposed to cavil at our placing the Hen and Chickens dinner in the category of cheap dinners. And it is one of the few that give a denial to the familiar saying, "cheap and nasty." May we suggest to the proprietor that diners would enjoy their dinners more if their ears were not saluted by the sharp click of billiard balls, accompanied by such sounds as "cannon, by Jove," "25 to 15," and others equally well known to the knights of the Board of Green Cloth. But notwithstanding this, our satisfaction was great.

In Broom Street, off Shudehill, is the well-known "Gradwell's," dear to office boys, impecunious clerks, and under-shopmen; for here cheap dinners are seen in all their glory. On the occasion of our first visit we walked through two small outer rooms, and then dived down into a large cellar, fitted up as a dining room. But not having been sufficiently long in training for the profession of a salamander, we speedily emerged into one of the two smaller rooms above mentioned, but found things but only little better. When next we attempted to penetrate the mysteries of "Gradwell's" we chose the hour of 11-30 a.m., when we did succeed in finding the place cool and empty, but not quiet, as the servants attached to the establishment apparently seemed unable to remain two consecutive minutes in the same place on any account, but kept rushing up and down, in and out, in a most reckless manner. At length a female, with sleeves rolled up, appeared, and shot at us the following, "Roast beef, roast mutton, roast pork, cold beef." Any questions were met by a repetition of the above ejaculations, until tired of asking for a bill of fare, we resigned ourselves to our fate, and ordered roast beef. This appeased the female, and she retired, to return presently with one plate, containing the allowed quantity of beef, potatoes, and gravy, all together. This is a style of serving we don't like, but it is the chief characteristic of "Gradwell's," to do everything in a rough, hap-hazard way. We could stand no more in this style, so with a reflection that the potatoes were only good, and the meat only middling, we paid our sevenpence, and departed. The one redeeming virtue about "Gradwell's" is its cleanliness; but even this, desirable as it is, will not atone for such glaring defects as no bills of fare, no vegetable dishes, and almost entire absence of ventilation. We may be asked what can be expected for sevenpence. To this we may answer, that the wants we have noted are supplied at other places where only sixpence is charged for the same as at "Gradwell's."

Not far from here is another dining room worthy of mention, Jordan's in Shudehill. The meats and entrees are here are eightpence a plate and only sufficient plates they are. The sweets are at the usual rate, twopence a plate. The meat we tried—beef and rabbit pie—were quite up to the average, and some rice pudding of which we partook was excellent. Here the drapery was white, the glass and appointments were clean, and the service was quick. The smell of cooking, as at Gradwell's, was far too prominent to be pleasant to those who prefer taking their dinner by the mouth to taking it by the nose.

The Albert in Oldham Street is another home of "cheap dinners," and they are here of about the average quality. Eightpence per plate, including potatoes and bread, is the charge and the choice generally, we believe, includes poultry and a variety of entrees. The waitresses are civil and obliging and the establishment seems to be well patronised.

Another dining-room of the same class is the Cobden, in Port Street, where a dinner may be obtained for under a shilling.

These are only a few of the many cheap dining-rooms in Manchester, but they may be taken, we think, as only fair samples of the whole, and show plainly, to our mind, the enormity of the charges usually made for dinners which, in themselves, have nothing approaching to the excellences their charges lead us to expect. But more of this anon.

A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SHRIMP.

[CRANGON VULGARIS.]

THIS small crustacean, the Crevette of the French, may emphatically be called our shrimp. We see him piled in pyramids of formidable size in the Victoria Market; we find him occupying a chief place on marble slabs, intimately associated with silvery salmon and corpulent turbot, in the more aristocratic neighbourhood of the Cathedral; we meet him in all sorts of places, in high streets and low streets, in lanes, in alleys, and at numberless odd corners. But he is not our shrimp solely because we import him. We claim him by a better title, for we grow him.

Shrimps—that is, "the tribe in general—form a part of the large family of crustaceans, and are distributed over nearly all the waters that encircle our globe. We find members of the race in the Indian Ocean, and in the Artic Seas, whilst the shores of the Mediterranean, the coasts of New Holland, the rocks of Iceland, Brazil, and the mouth of the Ganges, are alike blessed with the presence of this family. Countless centuries ago, probably long before man resided on this our earth, the sea, which brought forth abundantly, produced then, as it produces now, various species of this animal. Many specimens of fossil shrimps have been found in the limestone of Ranville; in the slate of Pappenheim, in the blue Lias of Lyme Regis, and elsewhere. Instead, however, of lecturing on stones, it will be more palatable to the reader if we confine our attention to the living representatives of an extinct race.

In all shrimps the body is compressed, the abdomen large, and the covering horny; the feet are usually slender and very long; the natatory false feet are encased at their base by prolongations of the shell, and the caudal fin is large and beautifully formed. Our particular friend, the spotted shrimp, or *crangon vulgaris*, is about two inches in length, and of a greenish grey complexion, spotted with brown.

Shrimping was one of the favourite sports of our boyhood. We have skimmed the edges of rock pools, fringed with olive and rosy-coloured weeds, on the coasts of all the western shores in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, but we never had the good fortune to try the margins of the bays that indent the Lancashire seaboard. Even now, that those old and happy days are gone, we feel inclined to mourn over our loss, for the home district mentioned may be called the head-quarters of the delicate crustacean that entered so largely into our young dreams. No range of shore along the whole length of the English coast is better adapted for rearing and maintaining large quantities of shrimps than that which lies between the mouth of the Mersey and the north arm of Morecambe Bay. Taken as a whole, the bays, estuaries, and inlets form admirable pasture grounds for these small flocks, for they contain mud and sand in the most felicitous admixture, a due amount of brackish water, and are,

moreover, as little vexed by storms as any part of ocean can expect to be. With these physical advantages, it is not to be wondered at that in all the great Lancashire towns the supply should equal the demand.

Shrimps and shrimpers came prominently before the Sea Fisheries' Commissioners at Fleetwood and Morecambe, when the one-sided evidence offered and the staff counter-swearing were each master-pieces in their way. It seems the shrimp-fishers had incurred the animosity of the deep-sea trawlers, by destroying the fry of turbot, brill, soles, and plaice in their small meshed nets; nor was the feeling that prevailed against them by any means undeserved, But passing over this quarrel for the present, we will mention a few facts that were elicited which bear more directly on our subject.

Fifty years ago there were only nine or ten small boats engaged in shrimp trawling over the wide extent of Morecambe Bay. At present there are about two hundred larger and more powerful craft working the same ground. It appears that at the time when a few boats practically had the bay to themselves, from thirty to forty quarts of shrimps were considered a fair day's catch. Then, however, each boat only dragged a single trawl, whilst the heavier vessels now employed in the trade draw two nets, each of larger dimensions, one over the quarter, the other over the stern—thirty-five quarts being considered a fair average take. It is evident, therefore, that shrimps in Morecambe Bay are only about half as numerous as they were fifty years ago, since it requires double the area of nets to procure the same quantity as was then taken with something less than half the quantity of fishing gear. In short, it is but a repetition of the old story—the goose is being killed for the golden egg; and should the excessive fishing in Morecambe Bay continue, within the next five and twenty years a mine of commercial industry will, if not absolutely worked out, be thoroughly impaired. All that is wanted, however, permanently to place this lucrative branch of our fisheries on a sound basis is, the establishment of a sufficient close time; and it is to be hoped that the application of such a measure will not be deferred until the stock is destroyed. It is far easier to nurse than create a fishery.

Let us now glance at the value of the shrimps taken in Morecambe Bay, and the number of men employed in the business. Each boat contains two hands; 400 men therefore make a livelihood from our small crustacean, but if to these be added wives and children, at least a thousand mouths are fed by means of this single industry. The present market value is something more than fourpence a quart, and this would bring the produce of the catch to about £120 per day. But the value of the shrimp fishery in Morecambe Bay does not stop here. The railways carry the fish to every town in the county; then there is porterage and commission; wholesale dealers sell to retail dealers, each of whom gains something by the transaction, and at last our small friend, grown into an important commercial person, sits down to breakfast or supper with men of high and low degree. Surely such a source of wealth deserves preservation.

It is now time to refer to the *casus belli* between the deep-sea trawlers and the shrimpers. That the small meshed nets of the shrimpers rake up vast numbers of the fry of valuable fish is beyond question. These run from the breadth of a shilling to five or six times that size, and it is equally certain that many of the delicate little creatures are rolled up and killed in the net during the process of trawling. The greater part of them, however, sustain little injury, and ought instantly and carefully to be returned to the water. There is reason, however, to believe that this is not done, and that whilst the smaller ones are allowed to die on the floor of the boat, the larger fish, possessing, however, but little market value, are sold for what they will fetch. It is scarcely possible to speak too strongly on this subject. The mischief might easily be avoided, but if the fishermen will not take care of the infant stock, which, if allowed to grow, would become of great value to themselves and the public, the possession of them should be made penal. Let us say a parting word or two about the shrimp as a source of amusement. We must all have our holiday. Reason demands it; custom enforces it. Some of our richer neighbours fly on the wings of wealth over continents; others hasten to their salmon rivers, whilst not a few pitch their tents on the heather, and wage war on black cock and grouse. We cannot all do these things—at least we must mount higher on the gilded ladder before it will be wise to attempt them; but we can all please ourselves in our own way. Wise men build their own pleasures, and he is but a poor architect who cannot furnish such an estimate as may be met without inconvenience. Hundreds amongst us betake themselves to the sea-side, and of these many have yachting proclivities. With such we sympathise, having a decided weakness in that direction. What a delight is it to weary heart and brain to sit idly in the stern sheets of some smart schooner or fast cutter, and feel the fresh breeze and the light spray bringing back tone and power. It is better than all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall. Few yachts now-a-days put to sea without having a trawl on board, and we are personally able to speak of the interest and occupation that results from its employment. But on the Lancashire coast a far less expensive craft would yield an equal amount of health and recreation. Any boat measuring a ton, or ton and a half, will drag a trawl. There are plenty of small soles and flukes to be had for the catching; and for shrimps, what shall we say of them? The sport is cheap and excellent, sufficient to beguile many an hour that would otherwise wear a less holiday aspect. *Tedium vitæ* is an awful malady, especially when it attacks a tourist. The poor man is far from aid. He has left his friends, his home, his accustomed occupation, and if unable to cure himself, is well nigh beyond the reach of help. Let such a man, before returning home in despair, do as we once did under circumstances somewhat similar—hire a boat, get his trawl overboard, and bless his stars that there is balm in Gilead, sport and health to be found in the society of "our shrimp" in the bays and inlets, the creeks and estuaries, of honest Lancashire.

BOXING.

3.—HITTING WITH THE RIGHT, BODY-HITTING, AND COUNTERING.

THE position of a boxer in actual engagement will make it self-evident that, for purposes of attack, the right hand is a reserve force to be brought into action only as supplementary to the left. Consider. The left hand, the left foot, the left shoulder are all forward. The right hand is motionless over the left breast. To strike out with it requires its withdrawal from this position of defence to a position of attack. That is, it must be brought under the right shoulder if it is to dart out and have effective lift when it lands. This might be the work of an instant, but it is a premonitory symptom quite sufficient to betray the clumsy design. But again, even if the opponent's instincts are not alert enough for instantaneous perception of such a design, fault of position must make it miscarry, lack of reach produce an abortion. Consider once more. Every force, every pose, the whole bias of the body is subordinated to lengthening the range of the left. With the right foot in the rear, the range of the right hand is a full foot shorter than that of the left. To gain this additional foot would require a change not only of base of operations, of strategy, and of tactics, but also a totally new re-arrangement of forces. If these two considerations are not sufficient to convince of the futility of attacking with the right, consider again and a third time. To lead off with the right is to throw your shield at your opponent's head. You deprive yourself for the time of all power of defence. The face is naked to the foe, and falls an easy victim to his watchful left.

Guarding is the proper, must be the only, use of the right during the first part of a round. Without wasting time in the ludicrous squaring up which is so amusing when two boxers meet and each waits for half an hour all over the room until the other leads off, or until derision goads them to set to—without dallying, feel your way at once with your opponent, and cautiously, but with all the suddenness of a surprise, test every avenue of attack, and make experimental feints of foot and of hand; all the time disheartening him by unerring parry, exhausting and relaxing his attack by the perpetual recoil which it meets from the weight, properly utilized, of your body. Then, when your blood begins to warm, when the full play of antagonism gives ardour to your faculties and a glow to your face, concentrate yourself and force the fighting hotly. Hotly, but never with excessive zeal. The judicious economy of power you have learnt will have left you a consolidated fund of nerve, vigour, and strength. With one supreme effort dash out at your opponent's face with the left, and instantaneously follow up, straight out, with the right. You unmask your strongest battery. Most likely he will guard your left—but not your right. You have turned his flank. Give him

no time to recover from his surprise and confusion, but press him close, play on him with all your artillery, and compel a conclusion to the round triumphant to yourself.

But in thus letting slip the right, let it go as straight as the left. Never hit round with either hand. Aim from under the shoulder at the opponent's left cheek, or rather ear. The whole secret of hitting with the right is to act precisely as with the left, but always following up the left. You will need all the reach and range you can give your right, and these you shorten by hitting round, or chopping down. See, too, that you stand upright, with your eyes open, and without losing your head. For your opponent, if he does not back into retirement at once, will retaliate, or attempt to do so, with your own tactics, on the principle that a counter attack is the best defence; and if you are too eager, you are sure to receive some of the blows which he discharges wildly about And above all, after every attack, whether you simply discharge both barrels, or act on the mitrailleur system, see that you recover your position before making the next. Nothing is so ludicrous, such a disgrace to style, so utterly futile, as for two opponents to stand within reach, and shower short, blind blows at each other, like two ancient four-deckers laid alongside, and pouring broadsides into each other, until mere bulk of wood won the day, or both were crippled past use. It is a process known to the prize-ring as fibbing, because, it is to be presumed, it is a fib to say there is either art, or style, or judiciousness in it, and a lie to call it boxing.

It is not easy to guard an attack of left and right without backing. A little practice, and great nerve, will soon, however, enable you to guard the right with your left just as you guard the left with your right. The steady endurance of a few failures, and consequent hard knocks, will give you insight, an unfailing head and coolness, and will render you almost impregnable to attack.

Nothing has been said, so far, of the body as a mark for blows. Not much need be said even now. Once the art of hitting out is learnt, the direction of the arm may be easily varied—all the essentials, of course, remaining the same, and undeviating. The blow is not a dart, or shoot, but a powerful "drive." It is very effective, and judiciously used, cows an opponent taller and heavier than yourself to extreme nervousness, and exposes the way to his face. There must be more patient drill. The learner, keeping his eye steadily fixed on his instructor, and quietly describing the usual small ellipses, suddenly, instead of darting out at his right ear, drives out at the centre of the lowest line of the chest. But never must he stoop or bend down when doing this. By so doing he makes himself ridiculous, and recovery difficult. He must leave such tricks to third-rate pugilists at a benefit, where the principle is least work and most charity. He must always keep erect and recover instantaneously. The instructor must guard it without flinching, by merely dropping his hand two or three inches, setting his arm rigidly, and letting it glide off the muscular part of the outside of the forearm. At the same time the breath his held tightly, and the diaphragm rigidly locked. The learner must next be drilled to guard his own body as thus described. A long tedious drill this will be, for the instinct to protect the face is very tyrannous. The drill will soon be extended. The learner must be taught to hit promiscuously and at will either at face or body, and to guard blows similarly aimed at him without concerted design for purposes of mere drill. With the right a blow from the left at the face may be followed up on the body; or—even in rare cases of audacity—a double blow, from left and then right, may be landed on the body.

But all body-hitting must be very cautiously indulged in, for this reason, that it leaves an exposure and an opening for a quick opponent If he is at all on the alert he is sure to counter, that is, to make an attack simultaneously with your own. In countering lies all the fascination of the game of skill. The simplest and the most effective "counter" has been insisted on as a preliminary essential of drill in boxing. The necessity of an upright position with the chest forward, the weight balanced on the left foot, has been continually laid down as a postulate all through. The reason for this—and it would be easy to multiply reasons as cogent for every canon and every postulate hitherto laid down—is to be found in the facility it gives for this counter. The moment you see the slightest premonitory symptom of a design to attack either body or face, you must, simultaneously with your guard, shoot out your left, preferably at the face; if that be guarded, at the body. Your blow gains a double force; first, all the impetus you yourself give it, secondly all that your opponent adds by rushing upon it, and the second is often as great as the first. He strikes your fist violently with his face. But if you yield back before a blow, countering is impossible, and if you cannot counter you cannot box. Once again, therefore, be bold, never avoid but always meet a blow.

These are the two counters with the left. Those with the right are also two, but these are only available through some fault of an opponent. If he hits short, or chop down, or more especially if he hits round, hit straight out at his left ear with your right the very moment he hits, or rather at the first premonitory symptom of his attack. You bring him up sharply, send him wheeling round, shake his head, bewilder him, cow him, and often quite squander his attack for some minutes to come. But mark that, if he hits out straight at your right ear this counter is impossible. Stretch out your arm to the full extent until the glove touches his right cheek. His hand cannot, when his right arm is laid parallel with yours come within inches of your face. Straight hitting out with the left, therefore, is an effectual bar to countering with the right, and hence the enforcement of the rule of always aiming at the right ear in your attack. Again, if your opponent is slow in recovering his position, that is, if he is inclined to dwell, the moment you have guarded his blow with your right, strike out with that same right as swiftly as possible. If he recovers quickly, of course you cannot touch him, but if he lingers, you do not fail to land.

All counters, whether with left or right, may be easily followed up with the other hand. These combination need not be entered upon here. They will suggest themselves to every boxer who has followed these instructions thus far. Feints are also the fruits of the light of nature, or practice, which is a second nature. A few of the principal must conclude these remarks. Feints with the hands are usually half-blows which throw an opponent suddenly into a position of defence. For instance aim half a blow at his face, that is strike out with the hand only, without using the body. He instinctively guards his face. Draw back your hand sharply and you can land a full blow on the body. Vice versa you can feint at the body, and let the real blow take effect on the face. Again you can aim half a blow at the face. He partially guards, and is just lowering his guard when your full and real blow comes in over it at the right moment, and takes him by surprise. This is a fine check to an opponent who is inclined to press you eagerly, and was a favourite and effective one with Tom Sayers. Some pugilists have a knack of luring in an opponent by pretending to hit out abortively and to be bending back to elude him. Suddenly, instead of so doing they, dash out and catch him violently. In all these feints counter the real blow, for with the eyes open it is easy to see it coming long before. Feinting with the foot consists in a half step back or to the side on the right foot as if about to retire backwards or sideways, and then a sudden step in forwards on the left within reach.

If the difficulties and intricacies of boxing have been candidly laid down in the three papers that have grown insidiously on the writer, it is hoped that facilities have been determined and the way cleared for any one with ordinary wind, endurance, and coolness to make himself in time a creditable boxer.

GENERAL LEE.

The late P. S. Worsley sent General Lee a copy of his translation of the Iliad, with a little poem of presentation written on the fly-leaf. It was seen by many of the General's friends, who requested a transcript of the verses for publication, but he would never permit them to be printed, his native modesty shrinking from the warm panegyric they embodied. Now that both the poet and the soldier have passed away beyond earthly censure or praise, there seems no good reason why they should longer be withheld from the public eye:

The grand old Bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realms of tears! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time—
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Rise round thee, but in truth be strong,
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's pen, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first, and Lee.

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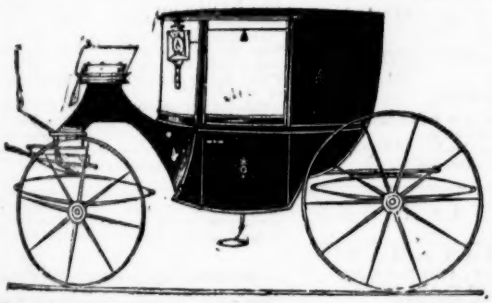

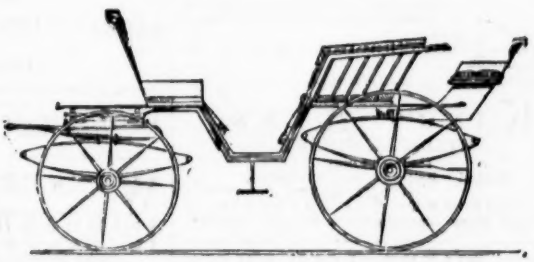

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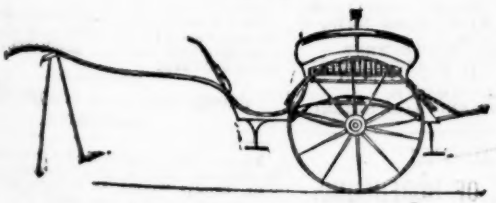

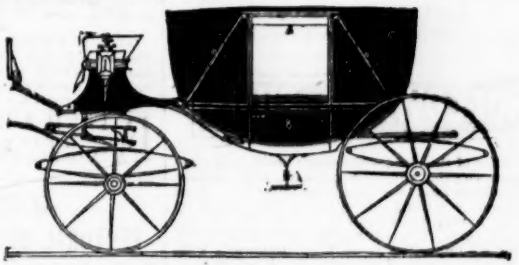

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